POWERS.

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Vol. II FEBRUARY 2, 1897 No. I

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Comments

SEVERAL years ago the Faculty passed the regulation admitting students from other institutions to the Senior Class of the College without examination or other qualification than the creditable completion of the Junior year in their respective institutions. At a later date the elective system was so extended that Seniors are now allowed to count the first-year professional work as the last year's work for the degree of A.B. It is, therefore, now possible for a man from the Junior Class of another college having entered the Senior Class to elect the first year's professional work, and thus to get his academic degree from Columbia without even having done one hour's academic work at Columbia. If he elect

medical work, he may take his A.B. without having ever been upon the 49th Street block more than a dozen times—once or twice to matriculate, and once or twice at Class Day. We know of such cases. That a man who has taken academic courses for one year at Columbia, should receive his academic degree is perhaps just, for it is in the Junior and Senior years after all that Columbia puts her distinctive mark upon her students. But is it right for a man to receive an academic degree for a single year's professional work at Columbia? It is more than unjust; it is even untrue to say he is an A.B. of Columbia.

For the past few years the orthodox way for a Columbia show to be conducted has been to have the large majority of the college men "papered" in to the performances, and to have the New York society women pay all the expenses. Now this was an excellent scheme, and entirely acceptable to every one about Columbia. Unfortunately, however, the New York society women are showing signs of weariness, and it looks very much as if in the near future Columbia will be forced to pay her own expenses. It strikes us it would be a good idea for the undergraduates to get into practice for future years of self-support by having, say, a third of them, go to Cleopatra and pay for themselves like little men; and let each gentle reader remember that he is a third little man.

The Morningside has viewed with great approval the appearance in the Century, Harpers, McClures, etc., etc., of extended biographies of Washington, Napoleon, Grant, Lincoln and other famous men. Not to be outdone by these excellent contemporaries, however, the Morningside begs to announce that in its next number it will publish a complete life of Columbus, with *all* the photographs of him that were ever taken and of all his contemporaries whose names begin

with a C, and, moreover, of every person to whom he spoke during his whole life, with the single exception of Queen Elizabeth of whom no photograph or tin-type is extant. For the text we are indebted to Professor Sloane, and for the photographs to Pach Brothers who have some splendid groups of Columbus surrounded by the Spanish Court, with Pocahontas and George Washington in the foreground.

In a China Shop

A Dresden shepherdess was one day
Milking a small Delft cow
When a Sèvres Marquis came along—
I saw him smile and bow:
"O lovely shepherdess, hear my song,"
I think I heard him say,
"For thou hast captured my porcelain heart,
And by my sword I swear thou art
A star in the Milky Way."

George S. Hellman.

Dagonet

STRETCHED at his ease on a couch before a window at Camelot lay Dagonet the jester. Through the casement he could look upon the varied scene stretched out like a rich tapestry before the palace: swift-flowing river, broad meadows, and wooded hills darkening as the sun set. He was alone save for his bauble, true and trusty henchman, and Arthur's old staghound Cavall, who lay at full length on the rush-covered floor before the fire. The fool's gaze was intent upon a knight riding toward the castle on a horse of powerful frame, whose lagging pace and drooping neck betokened a long journey. His breastplate and helmet gleamed with the long, level rays of the sun, and the point of his lance blazed like the flame of a taper on the altar of the Church of Saint Stephen.

"'Tis Launcelot," said Dagonet gleefully, to himself; "it needs no sight of his lions to tell me that 'tis the noble knight himself. Now, Dagonet, art thou most happy; no more will thy masters cry out upon thy silence. Now shalt thou be the very spirit of wit itself. But how couldst well be merry whilst Launcelot was away? And thou most noble companion," said he to his bauble, shaking his finger at it earnestly, "an thou dost not inspire me with ten thousand merry jests and quips fit to tickle the ear of Launcelot, I'll e'en cast thee headforemost into the moat." His love of the great knight Sir Launcelot was the jester's passion. For the rest, he was simple and foolish enough, and had no ambition beyond paying mock court to the ladies in their bowers, and playing the fool for the knights when they feasted in the great high-rafted, banner-hung hall, about the Round Table that King Leodogrance gave, with his daughter Guinevere, to the young King Arthur.

Dagonet watched the knight till he passed from his sight over the drawbridge, and into the castle. The shadows lengthened without, and within the dusk gathered about the great beams of the ceiling, and blotted out the figures of the tapestries on the walls. The silken standards that hung about the arras rustled as some slight draught stirred the air. So Dagonet, drowsy with the quiet and the twilight, fell asleep. Cavall arose from his warm place by the fire, shook himself and walked majestically from the room.

When the jester awoke it was quite dark in the apartment save for the few dull gleams from the smouldering logs on the hearth. He caught the sound of voices near at hand, and as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he could make out two indistinct forms by the fireside. Suddenly a brand blazed up and illumined the sharp features of Sir Mordred.

"I hate him!" Dagonet heard him say at that moment.

"Ay, and the Queen, too, for loving him," said the other, and the jester knew the voice to be that of Sir Agravaine.

"As to that we are one. What said the King when you revealed to him the treachery of his boasted right arm, Sir Launcelot, the pure and noble knight without sin or stain?" asked Mordred, with a sneer.

"I feared as much," thought Dagonet; "these traitor knights are bent upon the ruin of Launcelot and of the Queen. When Mordred and Agravaine talk together, be sure mischief will come of it. Well-a-day, my lords, but talk on as freely as you have begun, and I'll soon bring your foul scheming to naught, e'en though I be but a fool, and thou, Sir Mordred, art heir to the King."

"What said the King?" repeated Agravaine, in answer to Mordred's question. "Forsooth, he said but little. Yet did he promise me that to-morrow he would leave Camelot over-

night on some vain excuse of business abroad, and give us an opportunity to prove our words."

"And your plan?"

"Is this. Launcelot goes to-morrow at even to the chamber of the Queen. So much have I learned from the page of Guinevere, whom I did bribe with gold. Let us choose some dozen knights of our own kin, go to the bower of the Queen, and bid the traitor come forth. He'll have no choice but to obey us, because of our numbers, and we then can take him straightway before the King, convicted of his guilt."

"A good plan, well conceived, by my head, and——"

Suddenly their plotting was interrupted by the silvery tinkling of bells. Both knights sprang to their feet.

"What sound was that, Sir Mordred?" whispered Agravaine, fearfully.

"Methought it sounded like the bells that Dagonet the jester wears upon his doublet," answered the knight.

It was too true. Dagonet had forgotten the noisy ornaments of his clothes, and unwittingly had sought to change his posture to one more comfortable ; thus had he betrayed his presence.

The knights seized two torches from the wall and kindled them with a brand on the hearth; holding them high above their heads they scanned the apartment. By the unsteady light, which cast its flickering gleams into every nook and cranny of the hall, Mordred espied Dagonet, who crouched low on the window-seat, trembling with fear in every limb, and vainly hoping to stay concealed. Mordred strode angrily towards him, his spurs jingling and his sword clanking against his heel. Grasping the fool by the collar of his doublet, he dragged him back to the fireside. Agravaine and he put back their torches, still burning, into the sockets on the wall.

"Let be, fair sirs," whimpered Dagonet. "What have I done to deserve such treatment at your hands? I ——"

"A truce to thy whining, fool," said Mordred, shaking him so roughly that the jester's teeth chattered.

It was a terribly critical moment for Dagonet, who stood so small before the towering forms of the two knights. There was something grimly humorous and ironical in his fantastic garb of motley, his cap with asses' ears, his bauble and his bells, all the paraphernalia of mirth. Should he tell all, and promise to hold his peace about what he had heard, or should he hazard his own life to save his hero, Launcelot? He knew he need expect no mercy from the knights. The joy of living, the gayeties of the court, the applause of the knights, the sweet laughter of the ladies, passed on wings through his brain.

His inquisitors saw him hesitate. Mordred laid his hand on his hilt. "Is it thus, then, that thou dost play the eavesdropper? A malison upon thy empty head, thou dwarfish knave!"

"I heard naught, my lords," said the jester; "I slept until you so rudely awakened me, and what has been said is known only to yourselves."

"Thou liest," interrupted Agravaine, "else how did thy bells jingle so loudly?"

"Perchance 'twas in my sleep, my lord; I am oftentimes uneasy in my sleep," answered Dagonet.

"Come, keep us no longer; of what did we speak?" demanded Mordred, angrily.

"Nay, be not angry, my lord, Sir Mordred; I'll e'en hazard a guess; methinks 'tis likely that ye spoke of some damsel, the fair Elaine, perchance, whose favor, Sir Mordred, thou didst wear at the tourney yesterday; or, perchance, Sir Agravaine, of the comely wife of the swineherd who dwells nearby. But

'tis a mere conjecture, for I cannot rightly tell, as how could I, having been asleep the while?" As Dagonet spoke he wrenched himself loose and stepped back a pace.

The knights drew their swords, and Mordred held his threateningly before him.

"Threaten me not," said the fool, who thought to turn the matter into jest. "I beseech you use me with more courtesy, an ye be true knights; know ye not that I am Sir Dagonet, knighted by our sovereign liege, King Arthur himself?" He had, indeed, been knighted half in jest by the king.

Mordred impatiently made a thrust in his direction.

"An thou wilt do battle with me, I am ready, good sir," said Dagonet, and presented his bauble as though it had been a sword.

With a sudden fierce sweep Mordred cut the fantastic head frcm the stick and sent it rolling along the floor.

Dagonet for a moment stood speechless. The little jester was filled with rage. Forgetting all prudence in the anger of the moment, he cried out:

"One very good friend of mine hast thou already killed and thou wouldst betray the other. I lied. I heard your plot against Launcelot and the Queen, and I shall make you rue the day ye ever sought to do them harm; ye traitors!"

Quick as a thought Dagonet drew a jewelled dagger and darted at the knight, who was taken unawares. And then would Mordred have died had it not been for the drawn sword of Agravaine. One instant the blade shimmered in the wild light of the torches, the next it descended upon the head of the fool half way between the asses' ears of his cap.

The jester let fall the dagger from his hand, tottered backwards with bells all ajingle, and then fell to the floor.

Thus died Dagonet the fool.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

Sonnet: To ——

"'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep,"
For thou, the idol of my heart, dost seem
To hover near me, as we fondly dream
Of dear ones whom God evermore doth keep.
A sacred joy thou givest, subtle, deep
As richest odors which from lilies stream,
Thyself a purer lily, though thou deem
Thyself as nothing, hold thy beauty cheap.

Dear lily, whose dear breath my life pervades,
Sweet grant of gracious heaven to worthless me,
Thine image from my fond heart never fades,
My waking thoughts are ever, only, thee.
Thou dwell'st in heaven, I among the shades.
Loved one, thou only canst my heaven be.

Burdette Kellogg Marvin.

A Strange Duck Hunt

WE all thought that old Sam was a liar, but we never actually knew it until he told us the story that I intend to repeat. Sam was one of the oldest inhabitants of Westport, and had been born and bred right on the Connecticut coast. He claimed, and this is the only of Sam's statements that I ever believed, that he knew every foot of coast from New London to Bridgeport. Sam, like Nestor, had seen two generations live and die, and therefore, none being alive to contradict him, it was possible for him to tell the impossible yarns that he did.

I had just returned from an unsuccessful duck hunt, wet and discouraged. Sam had seen me come home, and my condition, like everything else that he saw, reminded him of an episode in his own life. After a great deal of coaxing—Sam never told a lie uncoaxed—I succeeded in persuading him to tell me the following occurrence or invention or whatever else you may wish to call it.

It was in the year 1814, when the New England waters were still infested with pirates and privateers, that Sam, one afternoon in November, decided to go duck shooting. He started up the Saugatuck River in his dory at about two o'clock. There was a light wind from the north and the sky was dull and heavy. Sam's dory lightly danced over the green-gray waters, and in less than twenty minutes he was out on the open Sound. To his left lay the wide expanse of water, to his right, about half a mile out to sea, the white, gleaming sands of Cackini Island. He was still uncertain as to whither he should turn his course, when a flock of ducks flying toward the island with craned necks, and legs stretched straight behind them, settled the question for him.

To Cackini, then, he went, and, having drawn his boat upon the beach, he shouldered his gun and went in search of his game. Far up the island, in a small bend, he found them, and, noiselessly creeping toward them, against the wind, he finally got within shooting distance and succeeded in killing a fat drake. During all this time the sport had so occupied Sam's mind that he had forgotten all about tide and weather, and when he at last again remembered them, he, to his dismay, saw that the tide was dead against him, and that the north wind, so gentle an hour before, was now lashing the waves with terrific violence.

Hoping that he could reach the nearest point of mainland, known as Great Marsh, he set out in the dory and tried to tack. Deep down into the water the dory would sink, then she would rise high upon the next wave, and, shooting over it, fall into its wake with a hard, dull splash. At each fall the seething water would wash over the bow, gradually filling the little craft. Sam was frightened. All his strength and skill were necessary to manage the tiller and sheet. There was no possibility of bailing. At each long tack he would gain no more than about thirty yards, and there was yet a space of half a mile to be covered. Already he was ankle deep in water, and at each wave that he breasted he was further submerged. Finally a huge billow, that washed clean across the stout little ship from bow to stern and drenched Sam from head to foot, took out of him what little sand he had left and caused him to give up the vain struggle in despair, and, turning about, to allow himself to be washed back to Cackini.

Utterly exhausted, bodily and mentally, with not enough energy left to drag himself up on the beach, he threw himself down where he first touched shore, and there, in spite of the wind that was covering him with sand-mixed spray and the

water that was filling his shoes as each breaker came in, he went to sleep.

How long he slept he does not know, but, when he awoke, stiff and frozen, it was dark. In search of shelter he slowly crawled up the beach. There was not a star out. The darkness was almost impenetrable. Suddenly his eye, strained to its utmost, caught sight of a spark flying in the wind, not far from where he lay. Creeping nearer, Sam saw a small fire burning behind some bushes, and around it the outlines of men. Now he could hear their voices. They sounded strangely familiar. The blood in Sam's veins almost froze when he suddenly heard them break forth in that frightful chorus:

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest.
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

From where he lay Sam could now and then catch a glimpse of their faces, and, to his terror, he saw men well known to him by description. The tall one in the Spanish clothes, who was just drinking from the rum-bottle, was the notorious Captain Flint; next to him, the small fierce-looking man was the famous Kid. Opposite Kid, overtowering all with his broad shoulders, sat a man with a wooden leg, smoking from a long Dutch pipe; him Sam recognized as Flint's bloodthirsty mate. The others he knew not, but it was easy for him to see that they were of the same class as Flint and Kid.

Although the revelers looked dangerous and fierce, the fire and rum looked so inviting that Sam mustered up his courage, and, with hesitating step, walked right into the centre of the circle and said: "Gentlemen, would you allow a poor stranded sailor a warm place at your fire and a pull at your rum-bottle?" They greeted him boisterously and he was

forced to shake hands with each one of them. A seat was procured for him next to Flint, and the rum-bottle passed. Gradually Sam's fear vanished, the rum warmed his spirit, and when finally they began to sing he roared as loudly as any of them.

"Shiver my timbers," said Kid, with a chuckle, "but you're a jolly one, mate; here's to you!"

A small broad-shouldered man then produced a grimy pack of cards and began to deal. Sam took his hand just like the rest of them. At poker he knew he could beat the devil himself. In the first hand he had three of a kind and won a pot of twenty-seven Spanish dollars, and two Dutch thalers besides, and several outlandish coins that he had never seen before. He now noticed that he could see right through the men's bodies and that, at touching them, a cold shiver ran down his back. What was more, he could see right through the cards too, and thus knew exactly when to bet heavily and when to stay out. In consequence, when they finally stopped playing and lay down to sleep around the fire, he was the proud possessor of a pile of gold that could have left King Solomon's treasures deeply in the shade.

When Sam woke up the next morning ghosts, rum and money were gone. The only evidence that was left was the fire and one Spanish dollar that lay at Sam's feet. This he still wears around his neck by a string as a memento.

Sam lies pretty well, doesn't he?

H. W. Z.

Ballade

When laboring home through lonely lanes
  As richly dies the Autumn day,
I hear the calling of the cranes
  From distant fenlands far away
While clouds of mist rise ghostly grey
  As incense to the moon on high
I think I hear the mystic lay
  Of fairy forms that round me fly.

In vain I seek the magic strains
  Mid bosky copses, stacks of hay
For naught of fairy rout remains;
  They vanish, whither who can say?
Though oft in mid-night woods I stray
  I never had a chance to spy
The circle neath the moonlit ray
  Of fairy forms that round me fly.

How they must laugh at all my pains
  As on they lead me far astray,
And mystify my tangled brains
  With mimic shouts and laughter gay.
If only once they would repay
  My search, and tripping light, drawn nigh,
How sweet would be a holiday
  With fairy forms that round me fly.

Titania! Now, I beg, betray
  Thy kingdom, and reward this sigh;
Let me once join the romping fray
  Of fairy forms that round me fly.

Hugh M. Birckhead.

The Landlord's Daughter

"NO place in the whole world can compare with our Travemünde," old Peter Kreis used to remark, whenever he said anything at all; for Kreis, being lazy, hated disputes, and he knew that in making this observation nobody would disagree with him.

To see the world of which he spoke you have but to bring before your mind the picture of a great, level, rolling land of green meadows, stretching away to the east and west and south, until the blue sky comes down to meet them. When the sun shines; when the red roofs of Travemünde, the tall chimneys, the narrow streets flash in the golden light; when every stork's nest and weather-cock shines burnished against the clear blue beyond, you cannot wish for a scene more beautiful.

To be sure you cannot paint the noise that fills the streets and squares of the town: the clanging hammers, the hoarse cries of men, the shrill voices of children, the flutter of wings, the crier's bell—noises lasting from morning until night. In fancy one may see the blue waters of the Baltic, and its waves breaking on the snowy sands beyond the town. Who can paint their roar?

In the noisiest, narrowest, most crooked street, if, indeed, any street might enjoy this distinction, was situated the Golden Goose, a tavern famous many miles around. It was a delightful vision of cool, fresh-smelling rooms, of sanded floors, of dazzling white napkins and table-cloths, and tiers of shining pewter pots. As for the rest, Peter Kreis himself was heard to remark on more occasions than one, that nowhere else in the whole world was such cookery to be found, and such beer. But then it must be borne in mind that Peter was the landlord. It was indisputable, however, that no other inn could offer attractions equal to these; none could produce so

jolly or so generous a landlord, one so lazy and good for nothing. A glimpse of him standing smoking his long porcelain pipe in the open doorway was a charm potent enough to drive out all the vexations of the weariest day. Yet irresistible as these allurements certainly were, the famous hostelry possessed an attraction greater still. This was Katherine, the landlord's daughter. Her teeth were whiter than the snowiest napkins, and her blue eyes far brighter than all her father's pewter pots together.

There were many guests at the Golden Goose who came no less for the purpose of making love to the beautiful Katherine than for the savory dishes which she alone could prepare. But persistent as these suitors were, they could never elicit from her such important avowals as "Yes" or "No."

"Yes, I love you," she would say, "I ———"

"My beloved!" the enraptured swain would interrupt, only to hear her add, "I love everybody," and to see her bound across the floor and disappear in the kitchen beyond, among the cooks and frying-pans.

Most of her father's friends, however, knew well enough why Katherine so steadily refused these offers; indeed, even the village children lisped her love story to one another.

Rudolph and Katherine had grown up together, and their childish vows had never been forgotten or allowed to grow cold; only, as time rolled on it crushed many of their earlier hopes.

Not far from the Golden Goose stood a small toy shop where, for ten long years, Rudolph's mother had handed tin horses and doughnuts and peppermint sticks across the shaky counter, receiving in return hardly pennies enough to make both ends meet.

Rudolph played the organ in the old Church of St. Sebastian; he had, too, a wonderfully clear and beautiful voice, but

he was a dreamy fellow, people said, and dreams, as he soon found, are not worth much.

"No," Peter Kreis used to say, "I love you both too well to let you marry. You, Rudolph, dear lad, are as poor as the mice in your church; you have nothing in the whole world; and you, Katherine, have even less." Here the old man would extract great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and laugh uproariously at his wise sayings, while the perplexed lovers hung their heads, knowing not even what to think.

One bright spring morning when the birds among the garden trees were singing lustily, and Katherine's clear voice was answering them, Peter Kreis, who was in the doorway as usual, smoking tranquilly, observed a dusty carriage suddenly come rattling over the rough stones of the winding street and draw up in front of the Golden Goose. Mein Herr Vincent, the passenger, an Englishman, had traveled, he knew not how many tedious miles that day; he insisted that he had swallowed so vast a quantity of dust that nothing short of a barrel of Kreis' beer could wash it down, a declaration which he began forthwith to substantiate. He stayed a day at the Golden Goose; then another—finally a week.

Herr Vincent soon grew to be looked upon as the property of Travemünde itself. People now frequented the tavern in greater numbers than ever before, and sat around the stranger in half a dozen concentric circles, listening to his stories of love and adventure beyond the seas.

On these occasions Katherine would flit in and out among the guests with mugs of foaming beer; and the delighted old host would stand open-mouthed as the story reached some incident more startling than the rest, and mutter to himself that truly *this* was the most wonderful hair-breadth escape in the whole world. Then Vincent, seeing the rows of solemn faces before him, would break into that strange, young, boy-

ish laugh of his, which nobody could account for, and fill all the house with its music. In years, however, he was no longer young; one could see by the lines on his face that he had already passed the age of forty; but they were pleasant lines, and spoke of endless humor and good fellowship, and were forever deepening into such kindly smiles that one forgot them. Herr Vincent's German was his greatest pride; the oldest inhabitants could remember nothing like it; yet, somehow, by its aid, he had contrived to make many kind and quaint little speeches in praise of Travemünde. The truth was, he himself did not really know how well he loved the little world that he had found until the week was up, and the day set for his departure came.

Indeed, the towns-people, who were at the spot on this occasion, were heard afterwards to affirm that Herr Vincent had shaken the landlord's hand, and was still holding Katherine's, when suddenly he had turned and looked longingly at the beer-mugs and shining tables; that a tear stood trembling in his eye, and that he had said "damn" (which is as much to say as *Donnerwetter*), and swore he would not go.

So the Engländer tarried through the long summer. It was not many days, you may be sure, before he learned the sad little love-tale by heart. Frequently Vincent would call at the church for Rudolph, and together they would wander aimlessly along the seashore. Here the dignified young man would pour out a sort of dismal philosophy of his own, and revive those hopes which but a moment before he had announced were gone forever; here his companion, whose eyes twinkled like sunshine on the water, would listen eagerly and sometimes secretly wipe away a tear.

With Katherine, Vincent found that life was brighter; and that although her first great expectations had fled with Rudolph's, others, wiser and likelier to be realized, had taken

their place; but, unfortunately, while pitying and consoling her, Vincent fell in love with her himself. Pained and alarmed, he once more ordered his rattling old carriage; once more he pressed the landlord's hand, and Rudolph's—everybody's but Katherine's, whose soft fingers he hardly touched; then, not daring to steal one look at the old tavern, he climbed slowly into his seat and soon left the red house tops of Travemünde behind.

* * * * * * * *

Hundreds of bright mornings had dawned since Herr Vincent's melancholy flight from the Golden Goose. Affairs were plodding along at much the same dignified gait as before; everybody had grown a little older, to be sure; Peter Kreis, if possible, a little more indolent; Rudolph and Katherine a little sadder and less hopeful. At that hour when the last rays of the setting sun still linger on the gables of the houses, and the early winter darkness begins to creep across the broad plains, another Englishman came to the famous inn.

An Englishman in secluded Travemünde was undoubtedly a most rare and noteworthy object. News of his arrival soon sped through every street to the market place, and people who remembered Vincent began straightway to speculate. But Mr. Sharp was a man far different in appearance from Vincent; he was tall, thin, pale, and cold. When he had finished his supper and was rubbing his hands over a blaze that crackled in the great fire-place, he became communicative and informed Kreis that he was a London lawyer. He spoke good German very badly, and in a voice hoarse and croaking as though still encompassed by his native fogs.

The crowd that was streaming by twos and threes into the public room put Kreis in mind of the busy evenings of Vincent's days. Presently, he asked whether the lawyer had ever met his old friend.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Sharp, "as his legal adviser before his death, and now———"

"His death!" gasped the innkeeper, starting from his seat and sitting down again.

Many of the drinkers on hearing this became silent, and Katherine, followed by her lover, left the seat in the window and stood at her father's side.

"Mr. Vincent is dead," the lawyer answered. "I have brought a message from him." Mr. Sharp stood up, and facing the crowded room, produced from his breast-pocket a rustling paper, which he unfolded. "It is a copy of his will," he said in explanation, and then adjusting his spectacles, began to read the important paragraph, "'I, Frederick Vincent' —em—e—m. Ah, here it is: 'I bequeath to Rudolph Grim and Katherine Kreis,' em—m, 'one thousand pounds.'"

"Bravo!" screamed those whose tongues surprise had not mastered. Hereupon the lovers wept silently in each other's embrace; while Peter Kreis, beside himself with excitement and joy, skipped and ambled slowly round the room, crying, "this is the end of the whole world—Kellner, Beer!"

William Chilton Maverick.